

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly Parts, to all Parts of the United Kingdom.

No. 42.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1820.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*Memoir of the early Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, in Portugal and Spain.* By an Officer employed in his Army. 8vo. pp. 234. London, 1820.

This memoir, which is said to be from the pen of Lord Burghersh, gives a plain and unaffected narrative of the events that occurred in the Peninsular War, from the first landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the banks of the Mondego, in August, 1808, to the capture of Almeida, and the final deliverance of Portugal.

There are some persons who, wishing to detract from the military talents of the Duke of Wellington, have merely considered him as a fortunate general. Every successful commander may be considered a fortunate one; but whoever reads the present memoir, will be convinced that Sir Arthur Wellesley owed his success and his elevation to his superior military skill, rather than to any fortuitous circumstances.

Without attempting to follow the author through the brilliant campaigns in which he shared, we shall notice some of the most striking incidents which he narrates; and, first, of the cruelty of the French to the conquered:—

'The French were in possession of Lisbon, and the country north of it as far as Leyria, which had been recaptured from the Portuguese, by a force under the orders of General Margaron. On the entry of the French into this town, they committed the most atrocious acts of cruelty. As an instance of the brutality of a superior officer, the ——— of ——— related of himself, that upon entering the town, he met a woman with a child at her breast, that the appearance of the infant excited his pity, but "*se repellant qu'il était soldat*," he pierced the two bodies with a single thrust of his sword. When the English advanced-guard arrived there, it found in one of the convents the dead bodies of several Monks, who had been killed by the French soldiers; some of whom had dipped their hands in the blood of their unfortunate victims, and had daubed with it the walls of the convent.'

But, lest this account should leave an unfavourable impression of the French character generally, the author, with great candour, thus palliates it:—

'The cruelties committed by the French army in this instance, and throughout the whole of its campaigns in Portugal, had their origin in the nature of the war in which it was now for the first time engaged. Till this period, wherever the French soldiers had established themselves, whether by the defeat of the armies which defended the country invaded, or otherwise, they found the people submitting to their rule; when, in Portugal, therefore, the nation rose in hostility against them, they considered such resistance as rebellion, and looked upon the inhabitants taken in arms, as disturbers of the public peace, and therefore entitled to no mercy or consideration. The officers also hoped, by inflicting vengeance on the patriots, to arrest the progress of an insurrection which threatened their total overthrow. It would not be fair to argue,

from the conduct of the French in Portugal, that in other situations they would be led to adopt similar proceedings.'

The convention of Cintra, the subject of so much animadversion, terminated the brilliant prospects which Sir Arthur Wellesley had opened to the British army. The French, notwithstanding the terms of the convention, which permitted them to carry off the baggage *purement militaire*, were obliged to be very closely watched to prevent their carrying off the plunder of Portugal:—

'The first object to which the attention of the British commissioners for the execution of the convention was drawn, was to enforce the spirit of that instrument, by preventing the French from carrying off the plunder of Portugal. With this view, General Junot, after much opposition on his part, was constrained to issue an order to his army, requiring it to deliver up, into the hands of the commissioners appointed for that purpose, every species of plundered property which it retained in its possession. Within a few hours, however, of the issuing of this order, information was brought to Major General Beresford, that Colonel Cambyse, aid-de-camp to General Junot, had seized upon the Prince Regent's horses, had carried them from the royal stables, and was embarking them as the property of General Junot.

'The statement, upon being inquired into, was found to be correct, and General Kellerman was applied to, to prevent this robbery; he immediately attacked Colonel Cambyse with great severity of language, and ordered the horses to be restored.

'The next day an attempt of the same sort, by the same officer, was made upon one of the carriages belonging to the Duke of Sussex, which was actually embarked; Major General Beresford, upon being made acquainted with it, sent his aide-de-camp to Colonel Cambyse, to remonstrate with him, (in terms not very agreeable,) upon the repetition of a conduct so disgraceful to the character of an officer. This lecture was, however, of but little avail, for during the time that Major General Beresford's aide-de-camp was speaking, the second carriage belonging to the Duke of Sussex was removed to the river, for the same purpose of embarkation; both carriages were afterwards recovered, and Colonel Cambyse threatened with a voyage to England as a prisoner, if he continued a line of conduct such as he had till then pursued. Various other traits might be related of this officer, but an act of General J——'s will be more interesting, and more worthy of record: he had carried off a considerable number of pictures, and embarked them on board his own vessel, from the house of the Marchioness of Anjija; upon being required to give them up, he answered, that they had been given to him. This having been found to be incorrect, he denied all knowledge of the transaction, and impeached a relation of his who was on board the ship with him, but who immediately proceeded to one of the transports, where he hoped to remain concealed. A threat of preventing the general from sailing, till the pictures were disgorged, soon brought this gentleman back to the frigate, and Captain Percy directed him to go on shore, to give an account of the transaction; he refused, however, to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the commissioners, and declared his determination not to land. The bayonets of the marines were called for, to persuade him; they



proved effectual, the gentleman was landed, and soon after the pictures were returned. Another general officer, on the day of his embarkation, carried off, from the office of the commissioners, all the papers and documents which he was able to collect, in a short visit he made to it while the commissioners were absent; and if he had not been driven back to Lisbon by contrary winds, (when he was forced to return them,) would have involved their proceedings in complete confusion.

The feeling of the British army which had fought the battle of Vimiera, was very hostile to the armistice which had been agreed upon:—

‘The expression of a private in one of the regiments which had most gallantly asserted the superiority of the British arms, deserves to be recorded; whilst marching in his column to Sobral, he appeared to be looking for something which he had lost; and upon being asked what he was in search of, replied, *ten days*, which he believed he should never find again.’

Speaking of the battle of Talavera, our author says,—

‘There never was a more extraordinary battle than the one which has now been described: the French brought into the field a force of not less than 47,000 men, and the whole of their attacks, with the most trifling exception, were directed against the British army, not exceeding 18,000 infantry, and 1500 cavalry. Yet the British general had nerve to maintain the contest, and ability to baffle the efforts of the enemy. The army displayed a courage and perseverance which did justice to the confidence with which its commander had relied upon it; and proved to Spain and to the world, what the dauntless spirit of the British soldier is capable of effecting, when under the direction of such an officer.

‘The enemy did justice to the talent of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and to the unrivalled bravery of his troops; Marshal Victor admitted to an English officer who was taken prisoner, that much as he had heard of the gallantry of English soldiers, still he could not have believed that any men could have been led to attacks so desperate as some that he had witnessed in the battle of Talavera. The glory of the British arms shone forth in brighter colours on this memorable day, than it had ever done amidst its countless triumphs of years preceding. The soldiers struggled against privations of every description, as well as against a force which seemed calculated to overwhelm them; their native valour spurred them on to conquest, and stifled every feeling which could arrest or make it doubtful.’

The following anecdote shews the determined hostility of the Portuguese peasantry to the French; the incident occurred on the night of the surrender of Almeida to the French:—

‘Colonel Pavetti, the chief of the gens d’armes of France, in Spain, had gone to Almeida with Marshal Massena when he left his head quarters at the fort of La Concepcion to induce the garrison to surrender; when the firing recommenced, Colonel Pavetti, (who was unwell,) set out upon his return to his quarters; he was accompanied by a lieutenant-colonel, a captain, and twelve men; the night was extremely dark and stormy, and he lost his way. He met with a Portuguese shepherd, whom he took for his guide, and who promised to conduct him, (the vengeance of these Frenchmen hanging over him,) to the fort of La Concepcion. But this peasant could not resist his feelings of animosity; he found courage to mislead the party; and, under the pretence of having missed his way, brought it to its own village. He persuaded Colonel Pavetti to put up for the night in the house of the Jues de Fora, and pretended that he would procure provisions for him. Instead, however, of employing himself in that way, he collected the inhabitants, fell upon the French, killed them all, except the colonel, whom he beat

most severely, and his servant, who stated himself to be a German. The next day the colonel was brought, with two ribs broken and other damages, to the head-quarters of Lord Wellington; where he was attended to, and afterwards sent prisoner to England.

‘To appreciate this event, it must be remembered that it took place in the middle of an army of 60,000 Frenchmen; that their revenge awaited those who were concerned in it; but that, notwithstanding, the animosity of the Portuguese was too strong to be resisted by any calculations of the retaliation which was likely to follow the act that was committed.

‘It will not be uninteresting to cite a trait of the character of Colonel Pavetti. Lord Wellington treated him with great kindness; bought the horse which had belonged to him of the peasants; returned it to him, and asked him to his table. While at dinner, this officer took an opportunity of stating to Lord Wellington, that the Duchess of Abrantes was with her husband Junot; he added, “*Qu’elle était grosse, et qu’elle comptoit faire ses couches dans son duche\**.” Lord Wellington took little notice of this impertinence; but General Alava, a Spanish officer, who was attached to the British head-quarters, answered, “*Qu’il ferait bien de faire savoir à madame la duchesse, qu’elle eut garde de ces messieurs habillés en rouge, car ils étaient de très mauvais accoucheurs.*”

Some idea may be formed of the terror which the cruelty of the French inspired in the natives, from the following circumstances:—

‘Lord Wellington evacuated Coimbra on the approach of the enemy, upon the first of October; the town had generally been quitted by the higher classes of inhabitants, during the preceding days; a considerable proportion, however, still remained, hoping that the enemy might yet be prevented from getting possession of it. But about ten o’clock on the morning of the first, there was suddenly an alarm that the enemy was approaching; the report was soon magnified into his having entered; and at one burst the whole of the remaining inhabitants ran shrieking from the town. The bridge, which is very long and narrow, was at once choked by the crowds which were pouring upon it; and the unhappy fugitives who found their flight impeded, threw themselves into the river, and waded through it. The Mondego was fortunately not deep at this time, the dry season had kept it shallow; but there were three or four feet of water in many of the places where the unfortunate inhabitants passed it. In the midst of all the horrors of this scene; of the cries of the wretched people who were separated from their families; of those who were leaving their homes, their property, their only means of subsistence, without the prospect of procuring wherewithal to live for the next day, and of those who believed the enemy, (with his train of unheard-of cruelties,) at their heels; the ear was most powerfully arrested by the screams of despair which issued from the gaol; where the miserable captives, who saw their countrymen escaping, believed that they should be left victims to the ferocity of the French.

‘The shrieks of these unhappy people were fortunately heard by Lord Wellington; who sent his aide-de-camp, Lord March, to relieve them from their situation; and thus the last of the inhabitants of Coimbra escaped from the enemy.

‘It is not in the nature of this work to dwell upon scenes of misery, such as have been now described; but the recollection of them will last long on the minds of those who witnessed them. The cruelties of the French had made an impression upon the Portuguese, that nothing could efface; it seemed to be beyond the power of man to await the enemy’s approach. The whole country fled before him; and if any of the unhappy fugitives were discovered and chased by a French soldier, they abandoned every thing to which the human mind is devoted, to escape from what they looked upon

\* ‘Abrantes was at that time one hundred and fifty miles behind our army, and throughout the whole succeeding campaign it was not taken by the enemy.’



as more than death, the grasp of their merciless invaders.—Innumerable instances of these melancholy truths might be detailed; but it would waste the time of the reader, and the relations of the horrid acts committed by the French would be too shocking to dwell upon.

Most of our readers will, we think, be prepared to acknowledge the justice of the following tribute to the talents of the great general. It refers to the position he took at Torres Vedras:—

‘We have thus conducted the British army to the termination of one of the most extraordinary operations which was ever carried into effect; the boldness of the original conception, as well as the perseverance and success with which it was executed, will command the admiration of all military men. The ascendancy which the character and talents of Lord Wellington had obtained over the minds of all those who were within his guidance or control, could alone have enabled him to effect a plan which involved in it such fearful consequences. To have persuaded a foreign government and army, but lately subjected to his direction, to abandon the greater proportion of their country almost without a struggle, to the ravages of an invader; to see his approach to the capital without fear or hesitation, speaks of itself a confidence in the talents of the commander which is without example. Not less extraordinary was the mode in which a movement in retreat was executed from Almeida to Torres Vedras, a distance of 150 miles, in presence of a superior army, whose object was by every exertion in its power, to harass the corps opposed to it; yet not a straggler was overtaken; no article of baggage captured; no corps of infantry, except where the invaders were routed at Busaco, was ever seen or molested. Of all the retreats which have ever been executed, this deserves most to be admired. The steady principle on which it was carried into effect could alone have secured its success. Lord Wellington never swerved from his purpose; the various changes which every day occur in war, made no impression on his determination. The great event of a battle, such as that of Busaco, won over an enemy who was surrounded by an hostile nation, never induced him to change the plan of operations which he was convinced would in the end produce the most decisive advantages. Guided by such a principle, Lord Wellington was enabled triumphantly to execute his plan; the successes which have since attended his career are the best evidences of its wisdom. It is a singular circumstance, that when in his turn Massena had to conduct his army in retreat over nearly the same ground, to the frontiers of Spain, although he had the advantages of making his preparations in secret, and of disguising the moment of putting it into execution, yet he was constantly overtaken; the corps of his army beaten and harassed; and in every action which he was compelled to fight, he was driven with loss and disaster from his positions.’

‘It was the great triumph of Lord Wellington’s skill and foresight, that, without exposing a single man in action, he had, since the 10th of October, retained at first a superior army in inactivity before him; he had seen it diminish in numbers every day; and, in the end, without its having effected a single purpose, he had obliged it to retire, oppressed with fatigue and sickness. Towards reducing the country it occupied, it had not made the slightest progress; the provisions of the British army were drawn from the northern provinces in its rear; Coimbra continued occupied by the Portuguese militia, Abrantes by the Portuguese garrison; so that it may truly be described as commanding only the ground on which it stood.

‘The state of Lisbon, during the period when the enemy was hardly twenty miles distant from it, deserves to be mentioned. Massena had expected that his near approach would have caused tumult and a revolution; but far from this, as a proof of the extraordinary confidence entertained of Lord Wellington, no town was ever in more perfect quiet; there never appeared in it the slightest symptom of fear or apprehension. The ordinary occupations were continued, although

the enemy was but a single march from it. Yet total ruin was known to await the town, if Massena, by succeeding against the allied army, forced an entry into it. The apprehension of such a catastrophe was, however, at no time entertained; implicit reliance on the skill of their chief, and the bravery of the troops, was the universal sentiment of the Portuguese.

‘The persons whose property had been surrendered to be laid waste by the enemy, shewed the same feelings; the poor peasants, who had abandoned every thing they possessed, were alike persuaded that all was done for the best; and in the whole country there was not a dissenting voice in giving unlimited confidence to Lord Wellington.

‘As soon as the retreat of the enemy was known, the allied army was put in motion to follow him; his movement was, however, so rapid, that he was not overtaken till within a few miles of Santarem. The rear guard was pushed over the bridge in front of that place, where it took up a strong and formidable position.’

With another instance of the cruelty of the French, we conclude our extracts:—

‘During the whole of this period, the French subsisted solely on the plunder of the country they occupied. The irregular manner in which this mode of obtaining supplies was conducted, led to the perpetration of the most revolting atrocities. Torture inflicted upon the inhabitants, to extract from them the secret of their depots of provisions and property, was one of the expedients most common to the French soldiery. The murder of the peasantry seemed to be committed without remorse; the capture of the women was converted often into a source of profit. Nothing more revolting to the mind of civilized man can be produced, than the list of horrors committed during this lamentable period.’

Although the details in this work are rather military than otherwise, yet they are full of interest to the general reader, who must be pleased with the very modest manner in which the triumphs of the British are narrated.

*Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present State of the Social and Political Institutions; the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Arts, and Manners, in that Country, particularly in the Kingdom of Hanover.* By Thomas Hodgskin, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1820.

THIS very imposing title-page is calculated to arrest the attention of all classes of readers, who will naturally think, that if the author has faithfully executed one tenth of what he promises, his work must possess considerable interest. It will, however, appear somewhat surprising, how Mr. Thomas Hodgskin, who went to Germany ignorant of the language, was enabled, in a pedestrian tour of twelve or eighteen months, to acquire such multifarious information as he professes to detail. Travelling on foot possesses some advantages undoubtedly: it will enable the traveller to become acquainted with the roads, the face of the country, the state of society among the lower classes, with some knowledge of manufactures; but as it will necessarily render an introduction among the higher classes of society somewhat difficult, it will but furnish half the picture. Mr. Hodgskin, too, appears to have too strong a political bias to write with strict impartiality on the German governments; and as he is very anxious for the time when ‘men will acknowledge no lord but pure reason,’ it is not surprising that he should animadvert with great freedom on the German institutions.

Some of the disadvantages of a pedestrian tour are ac-



known by Mr. Hodgskin himself, as will appear from the following extract:—

‘Pleased as I was, with the appearance of the people and their houses, the first communication I had with them was by no means calculated to give me a favourable idea of their politeness. They are visited by no persons but those who have commercial dealings with them, and they are perfectly unacquainted with any other traveller on foot than pedlars, beggars, and vagrants. They live in affluence, and necessarily despise what looks like poverty. Pedestrians are always poor, and when I asked at a respectable inn, at the village of Drochterson, for a bed, I was very rudely refused. I became angry, and remonstrated in a manner to which the landlord was not accustomed; and he shut his door against me. A different method of addressing him than I had adopted, would probably have obtained me all I wished, and I had myself partly to blame for his rudeness. Much of the civility or incivility of strangers, depends on our own manners. Those who are constantly haughty and rude, will find only grinning servility, which pays itself for its baseness by cheating, or neglect and rudeness from spirits somewhat like their own, which disdain to be insulted. We often make ourselves that character we ascribe to foreigners. In the course of my wanderings I have often said with Goethe,—

“Glücklich wem doch Mutter Natur die rechte Gestalt gab  
Denn sie empfiehlt ihn stets und ni gends ist er ein Fremdling\*.”

‘Sometime I have said in sadness, from not having found the proper means to recommend myself to attention, and sometimes with contentment, from the kindness with which I have been welcomed. A solitary foot traveller can never command respect from the quantity of gold he is expected to disburse, and he must never treat landlords, particularly German landlords, who are accustomed to a sort of equality with their guests, like people who are beneath him. He must buy civility and attention by complaisance and politeness.’

Mr. Hodgskin is a great admirer of the fair sex; and although he tells us with what fortitude he resisted the offer of some lads of Magdeburg, who, after offering to shew him a good inn, and inquired if he ‘wanted any thing else,’ whispering at the same time, ‘*hübsches mädchen*, a pretty girl;’ yet a smile from some fine woman in a carriage, made him travel on in a snow storm with increased alacrity; and he very pathetically comments on the power of ‘woman’s eye.’ The following scene, confirmatory of our remarks, occurred on the road from Wiener to Papenburgh, in Friesland:—

‘The roads are very often made on the top of the dikes, which exposes the traveller to all the fury of the tempest. In the midst of a very heavy shower, and when the wind was so strong that it was with difficulty I could keep my umbrella spread, and nothing was heard but the rain blowing against it, I was surprised by a voice close to my ear, and turning my head, rather frightened, was still more surprised to see close to my shoulder, a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks, speaking health, animation, and the pleasure of exertion. It was a lovely looking young woman, who, laughing, told me we might go together. I embraced the offer with great pleasure, as I measured a tall and graceful form; and, *clasp my arm round her that I might shelter her better*, I blessed the storm that had forced so handsome a companion to take the shelter of my cotton roof. We walked two miles together, and before we parted, the rain, which had driven every other person within doors, had made us quite intimate. She was well dressed, as the Friezelanders generally are, and full of animation as a French woman. I have seen nothing in the character of a countrywoman half so amiable in all Germany, and I

\* “Hermann and Dorothea.” Happy is he to whom nature has given a pleasing countenance, for she always recommends him, and he is a stranger no where.’

was sorry when she arrived at the farm-house to which she was going, and when I was again obliged to pursue my walk alone.’

Our extracts from this work are merely desultory, although the author has been systematic enough in his arrangement. The following is a description of spending Christmas at Leipsic:—

‘As it was Christmas-day, every place, even the bankers, was shut; the churches were crowded; and nothing was to be sold but spirits and medicines. At church, the music and singing seemed the most attractive part of the performance, and so soon as these were done, many of the congregation went away. The men generally stood, and the women sat. Amongst the uncovered heads of the former some emblems of German genius might be traced. The hair of the old men was smoothed down on the fronts and sides, as if it were ironed, while that of the young ones, combed up with their fingers, *à la Francois*, was standing out in a circle, like a well-trundled mop. The former resembled the old plodding German; the latter was the type of the present German, flying off from most of the restraints of reason and of common sense.

‘Pictures are still allowed in the Lutheran churches, though no longer worshipped or prayed to, and one that I observed here, in St. Paul’s church, deserves to be mentioned, as having one feature of common sense more than is usually seen in religious pictures. Many of their absurdities are truly ridiculous, and among them may be enumerated, that the mother of the Saviour is always painted young. When she looks on her son on the cross, and when Jesus tells her, “Woman, behold thy son,” she is even then often represented as a blooming young woman. In this picture, and it was the only time I ever noticed the circumstance, she was represented as an elderly matron. The painter had not worked a second miracle, and bestowed with his pencil perpetual youth.

‘The manner in which the sacrament was administered, was different from the manner of administering it in the church of England. A clergyman stood at each side of the altar; the persons intending to communicate were placed in a row on one side, and when the previous prayers had been recited, they walked, one after another, first to one clergyman, who had the consecrated wafers, and who repeated some words while he gave a wafer to the communicant. He received it standing, but bowing, and then passing behind the altar, came in front of the other clergyman, from whom he received the cup, and he then retired. The organ played, and the choristers sung during the whole of the ceremony.’

At Perghen our author met with an amusing itinerant:—

‘There was a man here who said he was travelling about the country seeking employment, but who seemed to live more by his wits than by work. He paid for his potatoes and straw like the ancient bards, by reciting songs, poems, and stories. The principal subjects of his themes were the triumphs, real and imaginary, of the Prussian armies, the fatherly care of old Blücher, and the crimes of Buonaparte. He seemed to have collected all that had been written on these subjects, and quite charmed the landlady and the two maids with his recitals. They were doubly pleased when he sang any which they knew, and when they could join with him. They also had learnt to sing of the heroic deeds of the Prussians, and nothing else seemed to give them any pleasure. He had bought two books, one was called the Triumphs of German Freedom, and the other was extracts from the bulletins of the war. He had read them so often he knew them both by heart, and could repeat any portions of them. They had been his great teachers, and he delighted the people of the house with many true accounts of Prussian achievements. He was completely in rags, and appeared to have nothing but what was given him, yet, for that very reason, because he knew that the supply of his wants depended on his giving



pleasure to others, he had acquired the talent of giving it, and kept his hearers not merely amused, but delighted, all the evening. He made them happy, and, in spite of his nakedness, and the cold weather, he was happy himself. While a reciprocation of services is the source of one of the highest enjoyments of men, nobody seems to be so much injured as those classes of society, who, having all their wants provided for, never feel any necessity to exert the talents to give and receive pleasure, with which nature has endowed them. When the females were gone to bed, this miserable looking being entertained the man servant with the history of his amours and his gallantry, and no dashing guards' officer, glittering in scarlet and gold, ever boasted of more success. This was strange society, if that can be called society of which an individual is but the silent spectator; but a lonely pedestrian has often no choice; it is a matter of chance with whom he sits down.

'My day's walk was about thirty miles, and the soil, I observed, was very generally light and sandy. Some forests were passed, but no inclosures. Where the country was cultivated, there was no separation between the fields but water-courses, and the furrow extended farther than the eye could follow it. Notwithstanding it was Sunday, many persons were working, and the girls of the public-house continued spinning all the evening, as they listened to the stories or joined in the songs of the ragged man.'

The following is the author's description of the town of Hanover, which is much more interesting than his complaints against the government of that part of the British territories:—

'The town of Hanover is situated in a flat plain, at the very farthest extremity of the hills and fertile country I had just passed through, and at the very commencement of those sandy districts which extend, without interruption, from it to the Elbe, the Weser, and the sea. On the northwest side lies a hill, called the Lindenberg, and in its neighbourhood the soil is fertile, and the country pleasant; on the other side the soil is generally sandy, and the country flat. A little river, called the Leine, divided into two streams, runs through it, but is in general so completely built over, that it is not seen till the bridge over it is reached. In the vicinity of the Marstall, or royal stable, and by the palace, it is exposed to view, and there gives a little beauty to the whole. The town contains 20,000 inhabitants, and is increasing and improving. The Leine divides the old from the new town; and the former has as an appendage the Egidian new town, which is the best built and most agreeable part of the whole. There is not one good street, and but few good-looking houses; and, on the whole, the capital of his Majesty's German dominions may, in point of buildings, be compared to some old fashioned third-rate provincial town of Great Britain.

'The only building which has the least claim to the character of elegance, is the palace of the Duke of Cambridge. It was built by a nobleman, in the year 1752, and afterwards purchased by the government. Even this, however, is nothing but a plain and elegant, though rather a large house. The royal palace, which has once been large, is partly in ruins. The chapel, the theatre, and some other of the old parts remain, and some new corners are built and building; the other parts have been burnt or pulled down, and present only a mixture of confusion and ruin. The house in which the ministerial business is conducted, *die Regierung*; the Parliament House, *das landshafliche Hause*, at present repairing; the library, the *Fürsten hof*, which is the residence of the Duke of Clarence, may be mentioned as decent-looking places. The manner in which the other houses are built, even when they are large, with a frame of oak, filled in with bricks, the timber being still seen, gives them a mean and old fashioned appearance.

'The town-house is one of those old Gothic, or, according

to Goethe, German buildings, which have so many different corners and shapes, that no one particular shape belongs to it. In lightness and ornament it is far inferior to many of the old houses, similar to those of Helmstädt, which abound in Hanover, as well as in all the towns of this part of Germany. The fronts of many of them are entirely composed of little towers, extending all the way to the top, and being sometimes smartly painted and ornamented with a variety of figures and weathercocks, they look like gay summer-houses, or small antique castles. A similar mode of building may be traced in all the old farm-houses, whose gable ends, and ornaments of wood, which, in that situation, look natural enough, often reminded me of small Gothic chapels. The general prevalence in this country of what is called Gothic architecture, together with its prevalence and excellence in Britain; to which country it was carried by the early invaders from this part of Germany, make it probable that it had its origin here, and leave no room to doubt that this fantastical style, with its multiplicity of ornaments, was once the common style of building the farm-houses of this part of Germany.'

If our countrymen will not learn much from the construction of farm-houses in Friesland, they will at least be amused by the author's description of them:—

'The same extraordinary manner of building farm-houses which I have mentioned, when speaking of Hadeln, also prevails in Friesland, and, from the wealth of the farmers, is very conspicuous in the vicinity of Embden. That a common German bauer, whose corn is thrashed so soon as it is housed, who has perhaps only a pair of horses and cows, should find it convenient to cover all his worldly possessions with one roof, is not surprising; nor did I observe that their houses were enormously large. But, when I saw the same mode practised in Friesland, by the largest farmers, I was astonished at the strangeness and magnitude of the buildings. The rich farmers of Friesland, who have some of them fifty cows and sixteen horses, and whose dwellings are spacious, cover the whole with one roof. I have counted fifty windows in the dwelling part of the house, and attached to this, and under the same roof, were the stalls for fifty cows and twelve horses. The dwelling is at one end, at the other end is the stable; on the sides between the two ends are the stalls for the cows, the middle is the thrashing-floor, the barn, and the place where the carts and the farming instruments are kept. At the outside of the end, farthest from the dwelling, is the dunghill. In short, the whole farm-yard, and the dwelling of the family, with the exception of the dunghill, are brought under the same covering. The inhabitants say this is a cheaper and better plan of building than any other, that all their conveniences are at hand; and that, when built of bricks, and covered with tiles,—when the stalls are nicely paved, as they are in Friesland, it is a better mode than ours of having separate buildings for stables, barns, and cow-houses. The danger, however, to which the property is exposed in case of fire, seems a strong reason against it. From the specimens I saw of farm-houses in Friesland and Hadeln, there is no objection to it on account of cleanliness. The dwelling is far removed from the animals, it has always a separate entrance, and no people are more conspicuous for cleanliness than the Friezlanders. I have since seen, that the same plan is followed in some of the provinces of Holland, particularly in West Friesland, and there the houses are equally large.'

Among the German customs which the author notices, we meet with none which appears to us so interesting as the account of their rifle-shooting:—

'The Germans have a national amusement called *Scheiben schiessen*, shooting at a mark, or *Frey schiessen*, free shooting, which most generally takes place about the month of June or July, and is attended with so much carousing as to deserve mentioning here. The people collect in bodies, and march in military and triumphant manner to some particular



spot, at a distance from the town or village; and every man who chooses to buy the privilege with a florin, lays his wife on a rest, fixed for that purpose, and shoots at a mark. The mark is sometimes a fixed target, but it is sometimes made to move quickly past a small opening. The marksman is placed at a convenient distance, his rifle is loaded for him, at a signal given, the Sheibe, as it is called, is put in motion, and he hits it if he can. Sometimes the mark is a stag chased by dogs: indeed, an instance was mentioned to me of the valour of the Germans being called on to shoot at a wooden representation of Buonaparte, followed by a cossack. He who misses the stag or Buonaparte has a proportionate fine to pay, and woe to him if he hit the faithful dog, or the valiant cossack. He who hits the mark has a due share of honour, and he who is so skilful as to drive his ball through the centre, receives the wooden image itself as the reward of his skill. This is then nailed up over his door, or placed at some conspicuous part of his mansion, and is very often its brightest and only ornament. It remains year after year, more similar trophies are sometimes added, and the front of the house then becomes covered with the memorials of village war.

'Frey Schiessen was introduced in the year 1450, soon after gunpowder came into general use, in order to learn how to shoot steadily at men. It was first practised in the north of Germany, by the citizens of Brunswick, who, in all matters of discipline, and in the formation of troops, are said to have set the princes of that period a good example. Before then, similar practices with other arms appear to have been common, but then, for the first time, shooting with muskets was introduced amongst the people. It has now, however, degenerated into a mere amusement, which, though very national, is permitted only once a year. The Germans display in it, as in other things, their great characteristic of shunning bodily exertion. When we compare it with cricket, or golf, or boxing, or any of the manly pastimes of our country youth, we laugh at that revelry which accompanies it, which was originally intended to congratulate the victor, or soothe him after his toils. It is now a sort of Saturnalia, when those who have been sober and sparing all the year indulge in licentiousness. It is to the Germans what Greenwich fair is to the citizens of London, or the fête of St. Cloud to the Parisians. Every body must partake of its festivities. Those who never go abroad through the rest of the year go to this feast. The pennies which poverty can save are hoarded for a debauch, and those whose profligacy has spared nothing, pawn their furniture, their clothes, or their ornaments, that they may say, like their neighbours, 'I too was at the feast; I swilled in the same room with the herron—and I destroyed a certain portion of viands better than ordinary, and I was filled both with joy and with meat.'

'Every village has its own Schiessen. I had seen several, and heard of more in my route; but it would have occasioned repetition to have mentioned them, and I deferred it till my return to Hanover, where I knew I should see one in its greatest perfection. It was the 19th of July, in the morning, that the citizens of the new town of Hanover, in an appropriate costume, with music and flags, marched in gay procession from the town to Herrenhausen, a palace of the sovereign about one mile and a half distant; booths were erected, and a proper place made for the shooting. The orangery was cleared out, one end of it was fitted up as a ball-room, and the other as a tavern; the fountains of the royal gardens were made to play; and great importance was given to the whole by one of the cabinet ministers, who is the chief of all that relates to the royal domains, taking the direction on himself. For this attention, however, the citizens with their music go at the end of the three days, which the shooting lasts, in solemn procession, to return him their thanks, and 'bring him a vivat.' Even this amusement is under the direction of the government.

'I visited Herrenhausen on each day the shooting lasted, and partook of the feasting and revelry. The gay ball-room in the orange house was for the dancers of a better condition;

and sundry other places were fitted up for the poorer citizens and peasants to hop and whirl in at a cheaper rate. Refreshments of all kinds were abundant, and there was a great deal of guzzling. People of all distinctions go, and carry their families with them. I saw a judge smoking his segar, and swallowing the wing of a fowl,—the master of the horse drinking punch,—the secretary to the consistorium enjoying a pasty with his wife,—nobles, gentlemen, tradesmen, musicians, were all mixed together, and there were no distinctions recognized or preserved.'

With this extract we close our account of Mr. Hodgskin and his work. That the author is a man of observation is evident, and had he not suffered his love of dissertation to encroach too much on his narrative, his work would have been much more interesting; the lover of travels will, however, glean some information and much amusement from its perusal.

### *Payne's History of the Royal Residences.*

(Continued.)

#### ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

FROM the period of the conflagration of the Palace of Whitehall, in 1697, St. James's has been the metropolitan palace of the sovereigns of England. The site of St. James's has been occupied by buildings from a very remote period. According to Tanner, an hospital was erected here before the conquest, which owed its foundation to some pious citizens of London, who provided it with accommodation for fourteen leprous females; and added to the charitable institution which was dedicated to St. James, eight priests, who were to perform divine service therein. The hospital was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. On the suppression of religious houses, Henry VI obtained possession of the ancient hospital, which he caused to be demolished, granting pensions to the sisters who were upon the establishment at this period.

According to tradition, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, furnished the design for the present edifice, which was called the King's Manor of St. James. The King used this newly raised mansion only as a private residence; for he kept his court at the ancient Palace of Westminster, and afterwards at that of Whitehall, when he had taken it from Cardinal Wolsey.

Queen Mary 'made her Manor of St. James, beyond Charing Cross,' the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain; and here she terminated her detested life and inglorious reign.

James I presented 'St. James's House,' (for so it was called,) to his son, Prince Henry, who was making many internal improvements when his premature and lamented death arrested their progress.

King Charles I added to the improvements of St. James's, when it appears to have assumed the title of a royal palace. Within its walls most of his children were born.

During the civil wars, St. James's Palace became the prison, for nearly three years, of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, Henry Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth; from hence, after the murder of the King, the Duke of York, then in his fifteenth year, made his escape, disguised in female apparel.

'The various changes which the interior of St. James's Palace has undergone, since its spoliation during the usurpation of Cromwell, leaves us little opportunity of judging of



its splendour in the time of Charles I. In the armoury, were twenty-nine antique statues, which were sold by the council of state: that they were valuable, may be inferred from the prices at which they were appraised.

'The celebrated Cardinal Barberini, who protected the English resident at Rome, recommended Panzani to the King, who employed him as an agent to procure the finest pictures, statues, and other works of art in Italy. The cardinal, in gratifying the King's taste for collecting, hoped to gain him to the Romish persuasion; but the religious sentiments of the English monarch were too firmly rooted in principle to be shaken, although his queen, to whom he was devoted, used her utmost influence to convert him. "The statues go on excellently," says the Cardinal Barberini to Mazarine; "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if, in exchange, we might be so happy as to have the King of England among the princes who submit to the apostolic see."

'That this upright sovereign was not inclined to countenance the religion of the Queen, appears from his answers to an application for erecting the chapel at St. James's. The priests of her Majesty became importunate for such a building, declaring, that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state worthy of a Queen. "If the Queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough," said his Majesty, "let them have it in the great chamber; and if that is not large enough, let it be performed in the garden; and if the garden will not serve their turn, then is the park the fittest place."

The collection of pictures that once decorated the walls of this palace, appears to have been of extreme value. Among the principal ones that were sold by order of Parliament, were St. George, painted by Raphael, which sold for 150l.; the Duke of Mantua's Head, by Raphael, for 200l.; Albert Durer's Father and himself, by Albert Durer, for 100l.; Mary and Christ, by Old Palmer, for 225l.; St. John, by Leonardo da Vinci, for 140l.; Charles V, whole length, by Titian, for 150l.; Twelve Emperors, by Titian, for 1200l.; Eleven Emperors, by Julio Romano, for 1100l.; The Flaying of a Satyr, by Corregio, for 1000l.; another picture of the same subject, by Corregio, for 1000l.; King Charles on Horseback, for 150l., &c. &c. The whole of this noble gallery was disposed of for the comparatively small sum of 12,049l. 4s.

The palace was furnished with a library of choice books, and a collection of valuable medals, which had nearly shared the fate of the pictures, in order to raise a sum to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry. Certain generals urged the council to dispose of them, but the learned Selden engaged his friend, Whitelocke, then Lord Keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian, which he obtained: but this did not prevent their being taken away, since the Duke of Ormond, in a letter dated April 2, 1649, mentions, 'that all the rarities in the King's Library at St. James's, are vanished.'

An attempt was made during the reign of Charles II, to recover some of these valuable spoils; and it is evident, from the collection that belonged to James II, that many had been restored by purchase or by theft. All those pictures which were purchased by a great Dutch collector, Mynheer Reyntz, were repurchased by the states of Holland, of his executors, and presented to Charles II by the Dutch ambassadors, who came to England to settle the peace.

During the reign of Charles II, St. James's Palace was occupied by the Duke of York, who also resided here occasionally, after he ascended the throne. Here many of the King's children were born. Here James, af-

terwards known as the pretender, was born, in a room now called the Old Bedchamber. The bed stood close to the door of a private staircase, which descended to the inner court, and was certainly situated so as to favour the belief of the 'warming pan plot.'

When the Prince of Orange was marching to the capital, King James II sent an invitation to him at Windsor, to take up his residence at St. James's. Hither the Prince came with his suite, and soon after caused James to remove from the Palace of Whitehall. After the coronation of William and Mary, their Majesties occasionally occupied St. James's, although their principal residence, when in town, was at Whitehall. On their Majesties quitting St. James's, that palace was fitted up for George Prince of Denmark, and Princess Anne, who long resided there in the placid enjoyment of connubial happiness, and, on the accession of Anne to the throne, it became the scene of a brilliant court.

George I, on succeeding to the throne, made the palace of St. James the royal residence. This King understood Latin accurately, and spoke French with fluency, though ignorant of the English language: his minister, Sir Robert Walpole, knew neither German nor French; hence all their conferences were held in the Latin tongue—a memorable instance of the abilities of both King and Minister.

'His Majesty had to learn the nature of the British constitution, and Sir Robert had difficulties to surmount, explaining many matters in which the new sovereign could not readily acquiesce. He desired to govern with honour; and the minister complained of the corruption of his Hanoverian courtiers, particularly of their mercenary disposal of the king's favours. His Majesty, who was good humouredly sarcastic, on occasion of one of these complaints, retorted, "is it not so in England?" and to illustrate the disinterestedness of his new servants in office at the court, observed, "Surely this is a strange country, for the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, and gardens, which they told me were *mine*. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a brace of carp, out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servants, for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in *my own* park."

In 1725, when England was menaced with invasion by the Pretender, the Lord Mayor, with the Aldermen and Common Council of the City, waited on his Majesty with a loyal address, which so pleased the King that he invited the Chief Magistrate, the Aldermen, and the whole of the Common Council, to dine at his palace of St. James's. A day was appointed, and they went in grand procession to partake of this distinguished honour. His Majesty, as a further mark of his esteem for the Corporation, invited the Ministers of State, and many of the principal nobility to meet them, who all partook of a feast truly royal.

Soon after their accession to the throne George II. and Queen Caroline removed from Leicester House to St. James's and at no time, from its first occupation as a royal residence had so large and so various an establishment enlivened its ancient walls. Every apartment was inhabited; and the royal family of George II. appears to have here experienced an envied portion of domestic happiness. Their Majesties took great delight in the healthful amusement of gardening, and encouraged every branch of horticulture.

The Royal Chapel at St. James's was splendidly fitted



up, for their Majesties, the first winter after their coronation. A chapter of the Order of the Garter was held here, in 1733, when the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Earl of Wilmington were elected knights of that illustrious order. His Serene Highness was afterwards installed in the Orange Hall of the house in the wood near the Hague.

‘A circumstance indicative of the humanity of his Majesty, occurred in the palace about this time. The king having been informed that many of his subjects had the misfortune to be taken into slavery by the Barbary corsairs, gave orders to Mr. Zollicoffre, the British ambassadors at the court of the Emperor of Morocco, to negotiate for their release. In consequence of this royal interference, one hundred and forty natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were liberated, and embarked at Tetuan for England. Previously to their returning to their respective homes, the redeemed captives assembled at the palace, and were presented to the king. Among the sufferers were several masters of vessels, who expressed their gratitude to the good sovereign. His Majesty asked them many questions, and ordered them a handsome gratuity out of his privy purse. Many noblemen and gentlemen present at this interesting scene, influenced by his Majesty’s benevolence, made considerable contributions to their common stock.

On the death of George II. George III. then Prince of Wales, resided at Saville House, Leicester Square, but in a few days he removed to St. James’s, where he immediately issued an order for holding a drawing room every Thursday and Saturday. At this palace his Majesty received the hand of his illustrious consort. Here also his present Majesty was born, and the baptisms of all the children of their Majesties have been performed in the great Council Chamber, which was appropriated to that service.

‘On the night of the 21st of January, 1809, part of St. James’s palace was consumed by an accidental fire which nearly destroyed the whole south-east angle, the most interesting and picturesque part of the ancient structure, and comprehending the king’s and queen’s private apartments; those occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, some of the old state apartments, together with the French and Dutch chapels. Since which event, the palace has not been visited by their Majesties, but on a few public occasions; the courts, of late, having been held at her Majesty’s palace of Buckingham House, or at Carlton House, the palace of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

‘The exterior of St. James’s Palace has suffered in appearance by every alteration that it has undergone since the restoration. Before that period, it was principally of the mixed style of Gothic, which characterized the structures of the age of Henry VIII. It was much improved by Charles I, but sadly deformed by Charles II and William III; and every subsequent external alteration has tended to destroy its original character. The entrance to this palace, with its ancient gate and quadrangle, alone remain, the venerable specimen of its former grandeur.’

We are compelled to defer the history of Carlton House to our next number.

## Original Communications.

### CLERICAL DEFENCE OF CARD PLAYING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I send you a curious letter of the late Rev. Mr. Toplady, well known in the religious world as a vigorous

controversialist, and an eloquent preacher. It appears that this ingenious man was much censured by the bigots of his time for indulging himself now and then with a game at cards. In my opinion this letter is a masterly apology; and will reflect honour upon the memory of the writer, as an upright liberal man. I am, Sir, yours, &c. S. R.

To Mr. G. F.

VERY DEAR SIR,—Never apologize to me, I beseech you, for any religious freedoms which you may be friendly enough to take. Without pretending to the apostolical gift of intuitive discernment, I know too much of your heart, to be offended at such real instances of your esteem. I must be a monster of pride, were I capable of resenting an intimation which breathes such sincerity of regard, and which you have the happy art of conveying with such delicacy of politeness. Instead of wishing you to intermit your labour of love, I request you to reprove, to rebuke, and to exhort me, as, in your opinion, occasion may require.—Some individuals of, what is called, the religious world, are so very pert and impertinent, that I have been obliged to treat them as I would the officiousness of wasps; and give them a gentle flap, to keep them at their due distance. But, without any shadow of compliment, I have so great and just an idea of the valuable friend to whom I am now writing, that I am desirous, not to repel, but to invite and caress, his truly affectionate admonitions. They even induce me to love him the better, and to respect him the more: nor can he bind me to him by a stronger tie.

As you, dear Sir, have unbosomed your thoughts, with such transparency of genuine faithfulness: I also, in return, will, for once, consider you as my father confessor, and open my whole mind to you on the subject in hand, without disguise or reserve.

1. I do not think, that honest Martin Luther committed sin, by playing at back-gammon, for an hour or two, after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, ‘to promote digestion.’

2. I cannot blame the holy martyr, Bishop Ridley, for frequently playing at tennis, before he became a prelate: nor for playing at the more serious game of chess, twice a day, after he was made a bishop.

3. As little do I find fault with another of our most exemplary martyrs, the learned and devout Mr. Archdeacon Philpot; who has left it on record, as a brand on the Pelagians of that age, ‘they looked on honeste pastime as a syane:’ and had the impudence to call him an Antinomian, and a loose moralist, because he now and then relaxed his bow, with ‘huntinge, shootynge, bowlygne, and such lyke.’

4. Nor can I set down pious Bishop Latimer for an enemy to holiness of life, on account of his saying, that hunting is a good exercise for men of rank, and that shooting is as lawful an amusement for persons of inferior class.

5. I have not a whit the worse opinion of the eminent and profound Mr. Thomas Gataker, for the treatise which he professedly wrote, to prove the lawfulness of card playing, under due restrictions and limitations.

6. I think, good bishop Beveridge was quite innocent, in amusing himself with his violin.

7. The seraphic Mr. Hervey is, in my idea, entitled to no manner of censure, for allowing the devout father of ‘Miss Mitissa and Miss Serena’ to attend his daughter,



'once or twice, to the theatrical entertainments and public diversions;' nor yet, for allowing him to let the said misses 'learn to dance, in order to acquire a genteel air and a graceful demeanor.'

Observe that, in producing Mr. Hervey's judgment concerning the not absolute unlawfulness of all stage entertainments, and other 'public diversions;' I do not mean to enter a plea for myself. I have seen but three plays, since I took orders; that is, for these eleven years and an half; and, probably, shall never see another: not because I am persuaded of its being sinful (for, I think, I might as innocently see Shakespear's Henry IV. acted on the stage, as read the history of that prince by my own fire side), but because I consider the play-house as too public a place of amusement for a clergyman to frequent. —Moreover, I was never once at Vauxhall, nor at Ranelagh, for the very same reason, and for no other. —Neither was I ever at an assembly, except once; viz. several years ago, at Weymouth, in mere complaisance to Mrs. Macauley; though we both abstained from touching a card. While there we only saw, and were seen, and chatted with those we knew. —But enough of this digression.

8. I cannot unsaint St. Chrysostom, for admiring the comedies of Aristophanes, to such a degree, as to read them perpetually, and even to lay them under his pillow when he slept.

9. I do not think it criminal in that great and good and useful man, Mr. Madan, to indulge himself in horse-racing, and in hunting, fishing, and shooting. He himself makes no secret of all this; else I would entirely have omitted to mention it. —Now, I am not attached to any of these sports. Not to the first, for I utterly dislike it. Nor to the second, because I am rather a timid rider. Nor to the third, because I have neither time nor patience enough. Nor to the fourth, for I never fired a gun in my life. But shall I, like those in Hudibras, and like too many censorious professors now,

'Compound for things I am inclin'd to,  
By blaming what I have no mind to?'

God forbid. Let every man judge for himself, and stand or fall to his own master above.

10. Archbishop Williams required but two hours sleep in the twenty-four. —On the other hand, bishop Kenn seems to have required twelve; for he says,

'Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive!  
I am but half my time alive.'

Would it not be very absurd, were we, for that reason, to pronounce Williams an holier man than Kenn?

11. Shall I question the piety of good old Mr. Moses Browne, because he finds a pleasure in angling for trouts and eels? He shewed me, when I was last in London, some sheets of the new edition (since published) of his Eclogues on fishing. He is fond of that recreation himself, and as fond of instructing others in it. Is he therefore ungodly? Or (permit me to ask) is there half so much loss of time, at a pool of quadrille, as an angler's hook and line are attended with? —I must add; which has least of cruelty in it? The depriving real fishes of life by the most excruciating torture; or the playing for fishes made of ivory or mother of pearl?

12. I will not sit in judgment on my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. F. for having their amiable daughter, the fair inquisitive, taught to play on the harpsichord, to dance, &c. &c. &c. Nor am I angry with the fair inquisitive

herself for being one of the more elegant and accomplished females that ever were entitled to that character.

13. I cannot condemn the vicar of Broad Hembury for relaxing himself now and then, among a few select friends, with a rubber of sixpenny whist, a pool of penny quadrille, or a few rounds of two-penny pope joan. —To my certain knowledge, the said vicar has been cured of the head-ache, by one or other of those games, after spending eight, ten, twelve, and sometimes sixteen hours in his study. Nor will he ask any man's leave for so unbending himself:

1. Because another person's conscience is no rule to his any more than another person's stature or complexion.

2. Because the word of God, no where, either directly or indirectly, says one syllable or drops one hint, concerning either the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of amusement by lots. And I would no more add to the commandments, than to the doctrines of God.

3. Because the apostle says, 'Blessed is he who condemns not himself in the things that he allows.' Which is exactly my case.

4. Because the same apostle asks, 'Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?' And so say I.

5. Because I do not find myself hurt by this liberty, either in mind, body, or estate. —Not in mind; for my mind is sensibly relieved by it. —Not in body; for my body is sensibly the better for it. —Not in estate; for that cannot possibly suffer by it. I neither win nor lose forty shillings per annum.

Doubtless Mr. Madan, Mr. Browne, and others, have 'stumbled some weak Christians,' many a time, by following and by vindicating such unhallowed amusements. And those Christians must, I think, be very weak indeed, who can stumble at a straw, and break their shins against a barley-corn!

A very worthy female intimated to me, last spring, in London, that 'I offended some weak brethren, and made them stumble, by allowing myself to play at cards.' As this was very seriously said, I was going to make a serious answer. But my gravity suffered more than a stumble, for it actually fell, on surveying the head-dress of the fair expostulatrix. I could not help asking, with a smile, 'And suppose a weak sister was to stumble at your elegant pyramid of hair, wire, and crinkt ribbons, would you therefore reduce your attire to the taste of that weak sister?' The good woman honestly replied in some discontentment, 'No, indeed.' 'Then give liberty as well as take it.' —I could not help thinking of the lady and the patch, mentioned in the fifty-seventh number of the Spectator.

And so much, my dear friend, for the grand subject of your letter. I hope, our correspondence will, in future, turn on topics more edifying and improving. Surely, they, who are led, by divine grace, to experience the best things of God's spiritual kingdom, should learn to look on things indifferent with the indifference they deserve. —I have hardly left myself room, to assure you of the regard, with which I am, &c. A. TOPLADY.

Broad Hembury, November 19th, 1773.

#### LOVELINESS: A FRAGMENT.

'Grace was all in her steps—Heav'n in her eye:

In ev'ry gesture dignity and love!' MILTON'S EVE.

BEAUTY, thou potent charmer of the soul, whose empire is the heart, and whose government is love, may thy



endearing blandishments not be sacrificed to vice, and may thy vanity never triumph over reason! may'st thou ever regard those elegant personal accomplishments with which thou art blessed, as the gift of that God, who demands, in return for them, excellence and virtue. Thou art endued with an imperial power—the power of pleasing at first sight; may it always be directed to a good and useful purpose, and mayst thou never wander in the paths of vice, over which, here and there, is scattered a gay ephemeral flower—the gaudy receptacle of subtle poison, but otherwise the rugged soil is barren and pestiferous. Then Virtue will encircle thy brow with her emerald garland of honor, and Religion will invest thy head with the starry crown of her immortal glory.

The acute glance of beauty can avert the deadly blow of the inhuman murderer.—The despotic tyrant who steels his obdurate heart against the merciful calls of humane compassion, bows a submissive slave to the power of beauty and the impulse of love. Overcome by the powerful charms of the lovely Angelica, the assassin falls a self-debased and a self-convicted villain at her feet, although but lately he swore, at the altar of his faith, an eternal enmity to the reeking blood of her father. But neither the deep humility of crime, nor the self-abased acknowledgment of guilt, nor the mean disgrace of humbled power, nor the earnest entreaties of forgiveness, can quell that enduring spirit of paternal affection, which urges the fatherless child to indignation, and prompts her to revenge. Sensible that his feigned sorrow proceeds rather from an awe of her than from a sense of virtue, and that his heart is, in its sincerity, still cruel and unrelenting; she spurns his proffered reconciliation with contempt, and entreats the assassin to plunge deep into her fair bosom, the death-dagger of her father.

Such is female virtue in its highest sphere of glory, that it knows no fear but that of heaven, and feels no pang which is not the punishment of vice. Sometimes it broods in solemn state over the calamitous misfortunes of life—sometimes it braves them with a dauntless imagination and with an astonishing fortitude. In the exercise of its milder qualities, it weeps over ruin and bewails the wreck of honor—under the sterner influence of its stronger powers, it meets impending danger without fear or confusion.

I know of no grace which sets off Beauty with a better charm than modesty. It is that bright halo of hallowed honor, superlative purity, and supreme excellence which shines only in the regions of Virtue. It is most pleasing to observe Beauty when in the zenith of her power, the meridian of her glory, and the sun-shine of her splendour, set off her charms with the ornament of grace, untainted with ostentatious vanity and pride. Then it is that she allures all with a strong inclination of the will towards her, then it is that she reigns in superior glory.

Amanda is the child of loveliness. Her manners and deportment are extremely engaging. Her's is the power of fascination and enchantment. Happiness beams in her eye, loveliness sits upon her eye-brow. Her features are interesting, as her countenance is prepossessing. With her each look is mildness and each word is kindness. She has a sylph-like form which imparts to her person the attraction of pleasing eloquence. She has no air of haughty pride nor contemptible affectation, but she is in all her conduct the same courteous, affable, accomplished, pleasing, and good-natured girl, the same in the parlour, at the

card-party, the concert, and the ball-room. She has an artless and ingenuous mind, which is a stranger to the frigid coolness of reserve, and she places a ready confidence in all whom she meets, until the worthy trust is basely abused and forfeited. When I survey her coal-black hair, arched eye-brows, Grecian profile, pearl complexion, eyes of sparkling vivacity, coral lips, ivory teeth, falling shoulders, and snowy neck, and above all, when I contemplate the many graceful accomplishments which add lustre to her personal charms, my breast is fired with a glow of admiration, which bids fair to inspire me with the emotions of love. She seeks not to please in the vain conversation of petty scandal, but delights to converse in the accomplished circle of intelligence and learning. She is a great enemy to the idle foppery of the day, and to meet a 'dandy' is her worst purgatory; she terms him 'a disgusting animal' and a stay-laced 'simpleton'. She will frequently shrewdly observe: 'how can men who would lord their empire over us and claim the prerogative of manly dignity, copy us in wearing an appendage only necessary to our sex, to retain our persons in proper shape? I verily believe, that if their suits of whalebone were exchanged for those of steel, they would tremble in their martial harness and retreat at the very sight of an enemy!' Amanda is blessed with the possession of those endearing graces which admirably set off her superior intellectual endowments and literary attainments. She has the agreeable art of directing her conversation according to her company, and has a respect for the tastes and feelings of all with whom she is connected. She treats her lover with one of the songs in 'Rosina' and some interesting remarks upon the charms of music and dancing; to the connoisseur, she exhibits her curious collection of drawings, coins, and minerals; with the geographer, she discusses the question of reaching the pole; and to the classic, she delivers a favourable opinion of the letters of Pliny. Thus it is that almost every one courts her company, conscious of her finished attainments and prudent discretion. If she be ignorant of any thing, it is of that empty every-day conversation well known amongst the gay and frivolous, by the somewhat appropriate definition of 'small talk.' In the fashionable ranks of her acquaintance, she is designated by the very significant title of 'the learned lady,' and as it may be presumed, she is, on this account, the undeserving object of many a trifling joke and of much absurd ridicule. But she is laughed at by those who are themselves stupidly ignorant of the benefit of those studies, to which persons of discrimination and good sense fondly attach themselves, therefore she charitably pities that unreasonable censure which she deems to be the natural consequence of fashionable folly. When she can, consistently and without injury to her mind and good qualities, conform to the *ton* and the *mode*, she does so with but little hesitation; but she has too much respect for her character, to become an infatuated disciple in the perverse school of modish error and prevailing ignorance. Notwithstanding her placid sweetness and mildness of temperament, she can well express her disgust at the contemptible sneer of the hypocrite and the malicious grin of the villain. Her pleasing society is a continual round of pure and delectable enjoyments. Such is the weakly-delineated portrait of the worthy Amanda. And the reader must blame the writer for any defect in the outline of this lovely girl: When she bestows her fair hand upon Philagathon, what supreme bliss will he attain! in her will he find the



prize of virtue and the joy of youth. When the rose has deserted her cheek and the lily no longer triumphs in her complexion, she will still have in store a rich fund of mental treasures—treasures which pass not by fruition, but rather increase by enjoyment and duration. Would that we had more who resembled Amanda! Would that false gaiety, ridiculous vanity, and ruinous dissipation no longer corrupted the female mind with their subtle poison!

The lustrous star of Venus is the bright constellation of Youth. May it ever prove the guide of Virtue and the ornament of moral excellence, cheering its illustrious train of followers with hope and confidence and bliss! The blooming virgin should have something more than beauty to recommend her to the love-sick swain. Beauty is but the frail and fleeting honour of a day, but when the rosy cheek has lost its freshness and the shape its perfection, the brilliant lustre of mental accomplishments survives their decayed receptacle and sheds around their possessor a galaxy of refulgent glory.

\*. \*. T.

#### SECRET HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

[The following interesting document, which is the first piece of the secret history of a long and eventful reign that has been published, has just appeared in that excellent miscellany, the *Monthly Magazine*, where it is introduced by the following explanation: 'We have procured a copy of a pamphlet, written by a lady of rank, never published, and perhaps never circulated in any manner, which describes all the circumstances, personal and political, attending the King's first illness, in 1788. These details are too curious, and also too creditable to many of the parties, particularly to our present illustrious Sovereign and the heir-presumptive, to be lost; and we, therefore, hasten to lay them before the readers of the *Monthly Magazine*, where they will add to the genuine materials for history, of which we have often been the fortunate medium. It has been thought worth while to insert the entire pamphlet, excepting only certain passages, which describe, in a common-place manner, the public proceedings of Parliament. At the time it was printed, in 1804, a copy was put into the hands of the proprietor of this miscellany, with an intention that he should publish it; but, from sentiments of delicacy to the high personage who was its subject, and to other parties implicated, he not only forbore to become a party in its appearance, but earnestly advised the baronet, who was its proprietor, not to publish it. What became of the edition is not known to him; but, as the chief personages are now dead, as well as the gentleman in question, and also the authoress of the journal, the same motives do not operate to prevent its being given to the world. The extraordinary interest of the article will, we trust, serve as our apology for allowing it to trespass on the variety which usually characterizes our pages.]

Most important particulars of the Royal Indisposition in 1788-1789; and of its effects upon illustrious personages and opposite parties interested in it.

On Monday, the 3d of November, 1788, the King's disorder excited great alarm, and two other physicians were summoned to Windsor, to the assistance of Sir George Baker, who, till then, had attended alone. On Tuesday the bad symptoms gathered strength; on Wednesday and Thursday apprehensions increased; and on Friday his Majesty was thought in imminent danger. On Saturday, Dr. Warren, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, saw the royal patient for the first time. This gentleman, either possessed of more acute discernment, or acting under less constraint than his brethren, hesitated not to

communicate to the Queen, that the disorder under which the King laboured, was an absolute mania, distinct from, and wholly unconnected with, fever.

On Sunday, his Majesty was thought to be actually expiring. After long and violent efforts, nature seemed exhausted, and he remained two hours senseless and motionless, with a pulsation hardly perceptible. Recovering by degrees from this torpor, he became capable of taking some refreshment.

The distress of the Queen and the princesses was beyond description. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were deeply affected. The former wept abundantly, when the true nature of the malady was communicated to him. Both the princes remained at Windsor, and were unremitting in their endeavours to support the Queen and to console the princesses.

November 12th. The account sent to St. James's, that the King had slept from six to nine o'clock the preceding night, but that there was no abatement of his complaint, afforded no consolation to those who were interested for his essential welfare. Orders were sent to the Secretary of State's office, that it should be notified to foreign courts, that no apprehensions were entertained of immediate danger of the King's life.

13th. At the usual hour, half-past eleven, advice was received at St. James's, that the King remained as before. Two hours after, a letter was received by the lord-in-waiting, which brought intelligence that the King had shown tokens of recollection, which suggested some hopes, although his Majesty immediately relapsed into his former incoherence.

A palsy upon the brain was said to be the cause of a deplorable malady, which no medical skill could reach; and an opinion universally prevailed, that it would be necessary immediately to form a regency. Opposition asserted, that the prince's majority entitled him to undivided power; but Mr. Pitt's partisans reprobated the idea, and strenuously maintained the Queen's superior pretensions.

14th. Circular letters were sent to members of Parliament, stating, that the present unhappy situation of the King making it improbable that his Majesty's commands could be received for the further prorogation of Parliament, it must meet on the 20th instant, when attendance was earnestly solicited.

15th. It had been hoped that lucid intervals and better prospects might have enabled the King to prorogue Parliament, and would have justified the measure. Early in the morning of this day, the chancellor, actuated by this hope, went to Windsor; but the sad situation in which he found the King, suggested only the necessity of hastening the distribution of notices, which had been delayed to the latest moment.

Sunday, the 16th, expectation was kept upon the rack at St. James's, till half-past two o'clock. Bad presages drawn from the delay were, confirmed by the event. 'Notwithstanding six hour's sleep, the King is not better to-day,' was the affecting report. It appeared that the messenger had been detained beyond the usual hour, in the hope that some favourable symptom might authorize a different one.

Opposition now forcibly felt the misfortune of Mr. Fox's absence. His powerful and extensive talents qualifying him alike to guide in council and to lead in debate, his return was anxiously desired. Increasing bad symp-



toms in his Majesty, augmented their impatience for accounts from the messenger, who had, upon the first idea of his danger, been dispatched to the continent, in quest of Mr. Fox. His acknowledged honour, as well as his transcendent abilities, made every member of the party solicitous that he should have frequent access to, and obtain the confidence of the prince; to whom they now looked up as to the source of power and honours.

Those who enjoyed the sweets of subsisting arrangements, and trembled at the thoughts of change, were inclined sanguinely to hope what they anxiously wished. They firmly believed that the derangement of the King's intellects would be but temporary, and that repose and method would not fail to effect his restoration. But, amongst those, over whose hopes and fears interest had no sway, few were found who did not draw the most afflicting conclusions, from all the circumstances they were acquainted with. That the approach of the terrible malady had been gradual and regular, that sound sleep, good appetite, and total absence of fever, had produced no diminution of it, appeared to them a formidable basis for the worst apprehensions.

The number of those who watched over his Majesty was now increased. A rash attempt created the necessity. With the extraordinary cunning that is often found to accompany intellectual maladies, his Majesty, one night, feigning to sleep, even to snore, threw the apothecary, who alone watched by him, off his guard, and hastened to a window of his apartment, with a precipitancy which, while it bespoke the worst of purposes, happily prevented its perpetration, by the alarm it spread.

The Queen and the royal children now no longer saw his Majesty. Interviews which produced no effect upon him, but which exquisitely tortured their feelings, were judged best discontinued.

It was hoped, that the frequent interviews which the prince was said to have with Mr. Pitt, at Windsor, might soften the dislike his Royal Highness made no secret of entertaining for that minister. The influence of the Queen, who was known to esteem him, seconding the flame of mind which the calamitous situation of his royal father was likely to produce, might, it was hoped, lessen the acrimony of the prince's feelings towards Mr. Pitt and some of his adherents. It was also hoped, by the candid and moderate, that a calamity like the present might have had the effect of reconciling parties; and that, attention to the public good, absorbing selfish considerations, might have produced union, and prevented contention, that must aggravate the material difficulties which embarrass government. But these, little susceptible themselves of the impulses of avarice and ambition, were incompetent judges of their influence upon minds in which they had long predominated. It was, however, some satisfaction to persons of this description to know, that the prince had sent for the chancellor (Thurlow,) and receiving him with the marks of the highest consideration, had said to him; 'I have desired your lordship's attendance, not only as my father's friend, but as my own friend, and I beseech you, my lord, to give me your counsel on this unhappy occasion. I have the utmost confidence in your judgment, and shall have the utmost satisfaction in acting by it.'

The habitual piety observable in the King's life, did not forsake him in his calamitous situation. On Sunday, the 16th, his Majesty desired to have prayers read: and, on Mr. M——'s approach, seeing him confused, embar-

rassed, perhaps, from emotions of sensibility, he rose from his seat, and presenting a book of prayer, pointed to several which he had marked, and desired these might be read. His Majesty accompanied the chaplain with much recollection; but, soon after, his wanderings returned, and great disturbance of mind ensued. In the middle of the night, his Majesty rose suddenly from his bed, and rushed into the anti-chamber. The equerry-in-waiting there earnestly besought him to return; which the King absolutely refused to do, saying, 'What right have you to command me? I know who you are. You are my servant.' Colonel Gwynne, with a happy presence of mind, replied, 'Sir, it is not so now. I am now your master; and you must and shall return.' The King replied not; but turning away, shed tears, and complied.

In the King's calmer moments, his principal occupation was writing; and the subject, generally, dispatches to foreign courts. These, founded upon imaginary causes, were said to be written with great consistency and uncommon eloquence. At some periods, all gracious, condescending, and munificent, his Majesty lavished honours upon all who opposed him; elevating to the highest dignities, pages, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, or any occasional attendant.

To these gentler workings of a disordered mind, often succeeded sad transports of vehemence and agitation, which were expressed in tones so ungoverned, as sometimes to reach beyond the walls of the royal apartment. Exhausted nature would then feel a pause; during which, it was not uncommon for his Majesty to express a consciousness of his unhappy state, and a despair of ever being relieved from it.

The sleep which succeeded these varied agitations of mind and person, was often sound and long; but never did the monarch awake from them in a composed state of mind. The refreshment of the body seemed only to add strength to the mental malady. From this circumstance, the most melancholy inferences were drawn; and, in confirmation of them, it was said, that a brother of the —'s mother had terminated his existence under a total privation of the first of blessings. Music, which had formerly been found peculiarly soothing to the royal mind, now served only to excite impatience. In the last fortnight, his Majesty had resisted all solicitations to be shaved. His malady, and his exertions, had so emaciated him, that it was judged expedient to remove every mirror, lest the reflection of his own figure should affect him too sensibly.

The accounts transmitted to St. James's on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, varied little. Quiet, or disturbed sleep, made the only difference; and the continuance of fever was always announced. The account of the 24th said, his Majesty had had a restless night, and was not better.

Nov. 27th. An observable change appeared in the physicians' note of this day:—'His Majesty has had sufficient sleep, but does not appear to be relieved by it.' This seemed a prelude to a public avowal of the deplorable malady; and inspired a belief, that those who were most unwilling to admit the improbability of recovery, had now a melancholy conviction forced upon them of the permanency of the disorder.

In the violent paroxysms of his Majesty's disorder, he continually raved about the Queen; sometimes loading her with reproaches, and uttering threats against her; at others, desiring her presence, with expressions of passionate regard.



One day, tired of vainly soliciting to see the Queen, his Majesty desired to have her picture. He addressed it with great calmness and recollection, in these words:—'We have been married twenty-eight years, and never have we been separated a day till now; and now you abandon me in my misfortunes.' It being deemed improper to hazard the Queen's having an interview with his Majesty, a lady whom he used particularly to esteem and value, begged to be permitted to see him, in the hope of exciting some salutary feeling in the royal mind. The event did not answer the benevolent intention; but too well confirmed the expediency of the Queen's remaining at a distance.

Another day, his Majesty desired to have 400*l.* from his privy purse. He divided it into different sums, wrapping them up in separate papers, upon which he wrote the names of persons to whom he had been accustomed to make monthly payments, with perfect accuracy and precision. His Majesty then wrote down the different sums, with the names annexed, cast up the whole, as he formerly used to do, and ordered the money to be paid immediately, it being then due.

After this instance of perfect recollection, his Majesty began to deplore the unhappy situation of London; which, he said, had been under water a fortnight. His attendants, who never directly contradicted any assertion, assured his Majesty that they had received no account of such an event, though they had daily communications with persons from town. His Majesty very calmly replied, that they either sought to deceive him, or were themselves not well informed. He then proceeded to explain, with the same composure, that the water was making gradual advances; and that, in one week more, it would reach the Queen's house. His Majesty expressed great unwillingness that a valuable manuscript, the precise situation of which he described, should suffer; and declared an intention of going, on the ensuing Monday, to rescue it from the approaching evil. This mixture of distraction and reason giving way to absolute alienation, his Majesty expressed his sorrow that Lord T—— was not present, he having prepared every thing for creating him a duke.

The temper of the King's mind was, at this period, free from violence. He did not now exhibit the terrible transports that were frequent during the first fortnight of confinement.

(To be continued.)

#### THE ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

ADJOINING to the east end of St. George's Chapel, is a free-stone edifice, built by Henry VII, as a burial place for himself and his successors; but this prince afterwards altering his purpose, began the more noble structure at Westminster, and this fabric remained neglected until Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from King Henry VIII. Wolsey, with a profusion of expense unknown to former ages, designed and began here a most sumptuous monument for himself, from whence this building obtained the name of Wolsey's Tomb House. This monument was so magnificently built, that Lord Bacon, in his Life of Henry VIII, says it far exceeded that of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey; and at the time of the Cardinal's disgrace, the tomb was so far executed, that Benedetto, a statuary of Florence, received 4250 ducats for what he had already done, and 380*l.* 13*s.* sterling had

been paid for gilding only half of this sumptuous monument.

The cardinal dying soon after his retirement from court, was privately buried in one of the Abbey chapels at Leicester, and the monument remained unfinished. In 1646, it became the plunder of the rebels; and the statues and figures of gilt copper, of exquisite workmanship, made for the ornament of the tomb, sold to carry on the rebellion.

King James II converted this building into a Popish chapel, and mass was publicly performed here. The ceiling was executed by Verrio, who is allowed to have here excelled his other performances. The walls were finely ornamented and painted; but it remained entirely neglected ever since the reign of James II, and made a most ruinous appearance till the summer of the year 1800, when his late Majesty ordered the windows and other external parts to be repaired.

Whatever might have been his Majesty's intention at that time, nothing further was carried into execution till 1810, when it was determined to construct within its walls a royal dormitory.

The workmen employed in removing the earth for this purpose, discovered two coffins in a stone recess about three feet below the surface; one containing the remains of Elizabeth Wydville, Queen of Edward IV; the other those of George, the third son of the said King and Queen. From hence it is evident, that the former conjectures concerning the remains of Elizabeth Wydville being deposited in the tomb of Edward IV, are erroneous.

An excavation has been formed in the dry rock of chalk, of the whole length and width of the building, to the depth of fifteen feet from the surface; in this the sepulchre is constructed. The dimensions of the tomb are seventy feet in length, twenty-eight in width, and fourteen in depth. The receptacles for bodies on the sides of the tomb, are formed by massive Gothic columns of an octagon shape, supporting a range of four shelves, each of which, in the space between the columns, will contain two bodies, the whole range of each side admitting thirty-two bodies. At the east end are five niches, for the reception of as many coffins. In the middle, twelve low tombs are erected for the sovereigns. The sepulchre will thus contain eighty-one bodies. The columns are of fine Bath stone, and the shelves of Yorkshire stone. A subterraneous passage is formed from the vault under the choir of St. George's Chapel, in which an aperture is made, near the ascent to the altar, for bodies to descend. From the columns spring a vaulted roof over the tomb. The building itself is intended for a chapter-house for the service of the Order of the Garter. In completion of this design, the ceiling painted by Verrio is taken away, and a Gothic roof, in unison with the general character of the building, substituted. The whole was intended to undergo a complete repair; many internal decorations have been prepared. The sepulchre is from the design of the late James Wyat, Esq. as also the roof and decorations.

In front of the east end, in which the five niches are situate, and enclosing the compartments within one of the massive Gothic columns at each side, is placed a railing, within which the remains of his late Majesty's own family are to be deposited.

In the niche nearest the centre, lie his late Majesty's remains; at the niche immediately adjoining, on the right hand, is the Queen's; on the left of the King's is the



Princess Amelia's. It is said that the remaining two niches at each extremity will be filled by the coffins of the late Duchess of Brunswick and the late Duke of Kent.

### Original Poetry.

#### COTTAGE OF PEACE.

HAIL sweet peace, around my cottage reign,  
Where woodbines flaunt and roses scent the gale;  
Where violets sweetly decorate the plain,  
And zephyrs love to fan the peaceful vale.  
Oft in my cot, in summer's blushing morn,  
Where sweet contentment dearly loves to dwell,  
And from my casement view the painted lawn,  
Where blossoms the daisy, and the gay blue-bell.  
By hawthorn hedge, in yonder spangl'd meads,  
In solitude,—'tis there I love to stray;  
Or walk the grove, where meditation leads,  
And trace the verdant bank where breezes play.  
Ye glitt'ring towns, and busy crowds, farewell,  
Give me retirement in the blooming vale,—  
Give me the cot where happiness shall dwell,  
Where rural life enjoys the balmy gale. W. G.

#### TO CORINNA,

*With thanks for her silken Present.*

'Twould be heartless, and cold, and unmeaning praise,  
But to say, 'Many thanks for your token :'  
If I told not the raptures its presence should raise,  
Or forbade that their import be spoken.  
For oh ! I have ponder'd o'er this silken maze,  
By those sweet hands of thine worked in kindness;  
On each intricate circle mine eyes loved to gaze,  
As though they would start into blindness.  
'With a web thus mysterious,' said I, 'my poor heart,  
In Love's thralldom long time has been holden;  
Nor have I repin'd, or lamented the smart,  
For its tortures my passion embolden.'  
Then welcome the treasure, sweet gift of my fair,  
For my fond heart and thou shall not sever;  
'Thus the slaves of her hands and her charms shall declare,  
Corinna their sole mistress for ever.  
Feb. 21st, 1820. L.

### Fine Arts.

#### CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, BY POUSSIN.

A FORTNIGHT since, we had a very pleasing opportunity of expressing our approbation of historical painting, as the highest branch of the fine arts. If a picture describing an eventful period in British history greatly interest our feelings, *a fortiori*, shall we not feel interested in a work illustrating a sacred subject, recorded in the holy scriptures. A painter who skilfully pursues scripture history must be endued with the most sublime conceptions, as his composition embracing a superhuman subject should possess an impression of divine character. We mean not by this remark, to ascribe superhuman powers to human agents, but rather to show that painters, in illustrating the holy scriptures, should employ all the powerful force, and all the proper character of which their pencil is capable, in order to describe, at least in part, the divine emblems

of holiness. When painters fail in such enterprises, from their want of due skill, we feel a rational disgust and serious concern that such works were undertaken without sufficient ability to do them justice, and thus ignobly sacrificed to the powerless pencil of an inferior artist. The greatest masters have properly availed themselves of the many scripture incidents, which are very appropriate subjects for the pencil, and afford an extensive scope for the exercise of talent, and the acquisition of fame. And it may not be paradoxical to assert that the enthusiastic fervour and sublime sentiments which sacred history inspires in the mind of the painter, tend to confirm his assiduous zeal and prolong to the very wane of life, the labours of his profession, which are to the artist no longer rigid and tiresome, when his laborious toils are repaid by the approbation of the world, or by the satisfaction of religious sentiments in his own mind. To this, may we attribute the zeal of Angelo and Da Vinci. In our own days also, the president West has nobly sought to commemorate his fame by the delineation of scripture history, and we believe that the greater portion of his works during the last forty years of his life represents sacred subjects. In our future notices of the productions of the old and modern masters, as before announced, we shall have occasion to mention many scripture-pieces, since such are in various instances, the very best productions of their respective masters, and it is for this reason that we trouble our readers with the foregoing remarks.

The entry of Christ into Jerusalem, is a fine subject for the pencil. This picture measures four feet three inches by three feet three inches, and is much to be admired for its rich yet sober tone of colouring. In the centre is Christ mounted on an ass, the emblem of humility and meekness. His entry, although triumphal, is not heroic. No conquered kings follow in his train—no steel clad troops of victorious soldiers surround his person—no glittering trophies of victory grace his procession, and he claims no victory, but that of religious inspiration and pious goodness. Yet citizens come out to meet him at their gate, and in the rapture of holy joy, hail his presence amongst them, with sincere applause, and strew his path with their vestments, palm-branches, and flowers. This is a godlike entry, and such a one in which the heavenly ambassador gladly participates, as contributing to the happy attainment of the glorious objects of his divine mission. But the painter has not represented his countenance as glowing with ecstatic joy, but has rather displayed cool, serene, intellectual placidity. The artist, even in this triumph, has not forgotten that Christ was always 'a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief,' and that in obedience to the divine will of his God consisted his only happiness. The countenance of Christ evinces care and contentment, mingled with benevolence and placid joy. There are no rays of glory round his head. His left hand is placed in an attitude of benediction over a woman near to him, who appears to supplicate his favour, and also two children, who innocently approach him with clasped hands. The right hand of Christ is uplifted, as if he were desirous to command attention to the preaching of his doctrine. Behind him to his right, are several figures, who by their postures display their piety and zeal, amongst whom, to the extreme right of the picture, is a little boy holding up a basket of flowers, which a man near to him is about to scatter on the ground in honour of Christ. The next figure is a woman holding



a very chubby child, and spreading in the road her upper garment. The child on the arm of this woman is by far too stout, although there is much to be admired in the fine face of this child. To the left of Christ, is a man with his arms and hands raised, in testimony of his astonishment at the opportunity which he now possesses of seeing Christ enter into Jerusalem. To the extreme left, is an interesting group of men and women, some of whom are kneeling. The left arm of the centre figure in this group is stiff and destitute of freedom and grace. The man behind him being more in the distance, is too tall, unless he be intended to represent a man above the ordinary stature. There are at the top of the picture, over Christ, three infantine angels holding the cross. There are only thirty-one figures in the picture, and we submit that a greater number might have been properly introduced, for the purpose of giving effect and truth of history to the composition. The scene is laid at the gate of Jerusalem. Some of the faces in this picture are very excellent and finely done, but in our opinion, the countenance is too severe for the occasion, and does not exhibit sufficient joy.

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—The attractive talents of Madame Vestris have made the performance of operas predominate at this theatre during the last week. This lady has repeated the character of Lilla in the *Siege of Belgrade*, with increased effect, and she has since appeared, to still greater advantage, as Adela in the *Haunted Tower*. Her acting was marked by ease and spirit, and she sang the pleasing air of 'Whither my Love,' with such pathetic simplicity, that she was universally encored.

Tuesday night introduced to us an old acquaintance, in the person of Charles Incledon, who performed the part of Steady, in the *Quaker*. It was his first appearance on these boards, since his trans-atlantic excursion, and he was received with that enthusiasm, which a recollection of his talents naturally inspired.

The Oratorio at this theatre, on Wednesday night, consisted of some of the finest pieces of music that could have been selected. The first part consisted of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, in which Mrs. Salmon sang 'Praise the Redeemer's Mercy,' in a manner that made us much regret, that other engagements prevented her giving us any other display of her fine talents. The march and chorus of the Roman soldiers in the Oratorio of Beethoven, are remarkably fine, and the choruses were executed with great precision and effect. The second part was formed of selections from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and was chiefly sustained by Braham, Ambrogetti, Miss Carew, Miss Tree, Miss Cubitt, and Madame Bellocchi. The beautiful duet, 'If e'er when solemn stillness reigns,' to the air of *La dove prendi*, was delightfully executed by Miss Tree and Mr. Nelson, and was encored. The third part was, as usual, miscellaneous, in which Te Deum was introduced, we believe, for the first time at these performances. Ambrogetti sung his old favourite, 'Non piu audrai,' and was encored. A quartetto from Winter's *Stabat Mater*, was led by Braham; and Madame Bellocchi gave 'Cruda sorte,' an air from *l'Italiana in Algeri*, the first opera in which she appeared in this country.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The interlude of the *Manager in Distress*, written by the elder Colman, has been revived at this theatre. The singularity of seeing Mr. Yates and Mrs. Davenport addressing the manager from the boxes, and a blundering Irishman (Mr. Connor,) with a sprig of Shillelah in his hand, taking the same liberty in the pit, amused the galleries, and surprised all those who were unacquainted with the farce. Mr. Yates gave some wretched imitations of Mr. Kean as Bertram, and of Mr. Braham; we advise this gentleman to leave off mimicry; at least, so long as Mr. Mathews remains 'At Home.' The new farce of *Too late for Dinner* continues very attractive.

**Ivanhoe.**—Two new pieces, founded on this novel, are to be produced this evening, (Thursday,) at the two great theatres. We shall notice them in our next.

**MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.**—The English Opera House was crowded at an early hour on Monday night, to welcome Mr. Mathews's resumption of his labours, and to witness the 'Something New' which he had promised them. The business of the evening commenced with an Address, in which Mr. Mathews, not inaptly, compared himself to 'Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.' He then amused his visitors with the eccentricities of his 'Country Cousins,' who come to town to see sights, and impose on him the agreeable task of 'showing them the lions.' The dialect, as well as the simplicity of these Country Cousins, who are said to be from Whitby, is admirably sustained. The farcical nothingness of the Old Scotch Woman's stories, is now felicitously transferred to a Dr. Prolix, who is eminently amusing, by attempting to pass as original, some of the most hackneyed Joe Millers. A blundering French tourist is introduced with considerable effect, and the trial of Patrick O'Row, with the speeches of counsel, and the remarks of Justice Metaphor (a sort of Justice Gobble,) before whom the cause was tried, were honoured with thunders of applause. In the third part, Mr. Mathews displayed the versatility of his talents to the full extent, by personating eight different characters, with a degree of rapidity and skill that was truly astonishing. The comic songs interspersed were much approved, and the applause, on the whole, was most enthusiastic.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

**Sugar from Linen Rags.**—Among the most curious discoveries of chemistry in the present day, may be reckoned the process of converting all ligneous bodies into sugar; even linen rags are capable of such transformation. This discovery has been made by a French chemist. M. Henri Braconnot, speaking of the crystallizable sugar he obtained, he says, 'I was led accidentally to this result by treating a solution of the acid mucilaginous mass, produced by the action of sulphuric acid on linen, with the oxide of lead, subjected to a long continued heat of 100° centigrade; but after having passed through the liquor a current of sulphurated hydrogen gas, to precipitate the lead contained in solution, and after evaporating it, I was agreeably surprised to see that the whole of the gummy matter was entirely converted into an acid sugary mass. I digested this mass with concentrated alcohol, by which the vegeto sulphuric acid was dissolved; the sugary matter remained a little coloured, and of a very fresh flavour. Twenty-four grammes (370.6 gr.) of old cloth well dried were reduced into mucilage by 34 grammes (525 gr.) of sulphuric



acid, observing the precautions before indicated: the acid mixture dissolved in a certain quantity of water, precipitated the ligneous matter a little altered; when dried it weighed 3.6 grammes (55.5 gr.) This, when evaporated, yielded 23.3 grammes (359.8 gr.) of sugary matter of the consistence of syrup; at the end of twenty-four hours it began to crystallize, and, some days after, the whole was condensed into a single mass of crystallized sugar, which was pressed strongly between several folds of old cloth; crystallized a second time, this sugar was passably pure; but treated with animal charcoal, it became of a shining whiteness. The crystals were in spherical groupes, which appear to be formed by the union of small diverging and unequal plates. They are fusible at the temperature of boiling water. This sugar is of a fresh and agreeable flavour, producing in the mouth a slight sensation of acidity. It dissolves in hot alcohol, and crystallizes by cooling. Dissolved in water, and mixed with a little yeast, it fermented; the vinous liquor which resulted furnishes alcohol by distillation. Burnt with potash, and its charcoal washed with diluted nitric acid, it yielded a fluid not troubled by nitrate of barytes. It would be useless to insist further on the properties of this sugar; it is evident that it is perfectly identified with the sugar of grapes, or of starch.

*Comparative strength of Europeans and Savages.*—M. Peron, the celebrated French naturalist, has had occasion to observe, that men in a savage state are inferior in strength to men civilized; and he has demonstrated in a very evident manner, that the improvement of social order does not, as some have pretended, destroy our physical powers. The following is the result of experiments which he has made on this subject with the Dynamometer of M. Regnier.

		Force.	
		With hands.	With traces.
Savages	Of Diemen's Land	50.6	—
	New Holland	51.8	14.8
	Timor	58.7	16.2
Europeans	French	69.2	22.1
	English	71.4	23.8

*London free from Earthquakes.*—Mr. Gavin Inglis, in an interesting paper on the geology of Loch-leven, published in the last number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, gives us the comfortable assurance that we citizens are in no danger of suffering from earthquake, if we confine our residence to the metropolis. 'On measuring' says he 'the geological map of British strata exhibited in Cary's window, London seems to occupy the only spot in Britain, perhaps in the world, that may be deemed secure against the partial workings of those principles; and although not founded on a rock, is destined, I hope, to flourish till time shall be no more. Until that great and awful day,—

That shall the world in ashes lay,  
As David and the Sybils say.'

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

King Charles II. after taking two or three turns one morning in St. James's Park (as was his usual custom), attended only by the Duke of Leeds and my Lord Cromarty, walked up Constitution Hill, and from thence into Hyde Park; but just as he was crossing the road, the Duke of York's coach was nearly arrived there. The duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach, escorted by a party of guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted, and consequently stopped the coach. The duke, being acquainted with the occasion of the halt, immediately got out of his coach, and, after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with such a small attendance, and that he thought his

Majesty exposed himself to some danger. 'No kind of danger, James; for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King.'

King Henry VIII, being petitioned to dismiss his ministers and council, by the citizens of London and many boroughs, to relieve his oppressed subjects, made the citizens this sagacious reply: 'We, with all our cabinet, think it right strange that ye, who be but brutes, and inexpert folk, should tell us who be, and who be not, fit for our council.'

Henry IV, of France, used to say, 'there would be fewer wars in the world, if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the next day after a battle.'

*Advertisement from the Monaghan Paper, of May, 1788.*—'Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of my wearing apparel, without my knowledge; this is, therefore, to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same, his NAME shall be made public.' R. B.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of Mr. Bland, Y. F., J. R. P., and Tyro, have been received.

A 'Quondam Merchant Tailor,' in our next.

The Scotch Elegy is in language so antique, that a translation would be necessary for the benefit of other readers than 'country gentlemen.'

The Lines on the Death of the Duke de Berri, possess considerable merit, but they are too strongly tinged with party feeling.

Our next number will contain a Biographical Memoir of the Duke de Berri, with the present state of the French succession.

Errata: p. 95, col. 1, l. 19, for 'debts' read 'acts'; l. 29, for 'that well' read 'that he well'; p. 126, col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, for 'a profile' read 'to a profile'; p. 127, col. 2, l. 33, for 'Tallefee' read 'Tallefer'; p. 141, col. 1, l. 6, for 'Britannice' read 'Britannia'; col. 2, l. 28, for 'Frose' read 'Grose'; l. 45, for 'to' read 'for'; p. 142, l. 12 from bottom, for 'Sharard' read 'Sherard.'

Books published by J. Limbird, 53, Holywell Street, Strand.

### PART I. of THE HISTORY of NORTH WALES.

By W. CATHRALL, assisted by several Gentlemen of Literary Distinction, Quarto, price 3s. This Work will be published in Parts, every Six Weeks, and will be completed in Twenty-one Parts. Each Part will be embellished with a Plate; the one now published contains an accurate and well-executed Engraving of Flint Castle.—Part II. will be embellished with a View of the Town of Denbigh. Large Paper Copies may likewise be had, price 4s. 6d. Part II. will be published in a few days.

On the First of every Month, Price 1s.

THE CAMBRO BRITON, a Monthly Miscellany, dedicated to the interests of WALES, and more particularly designed to disseminate amongst strangers a correct knowledge of the History, Language, Antiquities, Manners, Poetry, and general Literature of that interesting portion of Great Britain.

The Numbers, already published, will be found to contain, amongst other matter, much rare information on the subjects above mentioned, and especially with reference to the ancient LITERARY REMAINS of WALES, which are so little known, and are yet of a nature so interesting and so valuable.

It forms a principal object of The Cambro Briton to furnish accurate translations of these, accompanied by illustrative remarks: and too much cannot be said of their importance, as they tend to elucidate the early History of this island.

Every alternate Saturday, Price 6d.

The MODERN THEATRE, or the Mirror of Genius; containing correct SKETCHES of the most popular Incidents transacted during the Week in the Dramatic World. Embellished occasionally with an elegant portrait.

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 53, Holywell Street near St. Clement's Church, Strand; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLE, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court.